

7
JULIUS CÆSAR,

A
T R A G E D Y.

B Y

S H A K E S P E A R.



L O N D O N,

Printed for D. Williams, in St Paul's church-yard.

THE HISTORY OF

THE ARTS AND

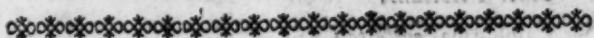
MANUFACTURES



LONDON

Printed by D. Wilson in the Strand

JULIUS CÆSAR.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Octavius Cæsar, } *Triumvirs after the death of*
M. Antony, } *Julius Cæsar.*
M. Æmilius Lepidus, }

Cicero.

Brutus,

Cassius,

Calpurnia,

Trebonius,

Ligarius,

Decius Brutus,

Metellus Cimber,

Cinna,

Popilius Læna, } *Senators.*

Publius,

Flavius,

Marullus,

Messala,

Titinius,

Artemidorus, a sophist of Cnidos.

A Soothsayer.

Young Cato.

Cinna, a poet.

Another poet.

Lucilius,

Dardanius,

Volumnius,

Varro,

Clitus,

Claudius,

Strato,

Lucius,

Pindarus, servant to Cassius.

} *conspirators against Julius Cæsar.*

} *Tribunes, and enemies to Cæsar.*

} *friends to Brutus and Cassius.*

} *servants to Brutus.*

Ghost of Julius Caesar.

Cobler.

Carpenter.

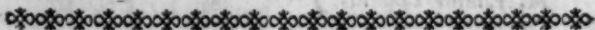
Other Plebeians.

Calphurnia, wife to Caesar.

Portia, wife to Brutus.

Guards and Attendants.

SCENE, for the first three acts, at Rome; afterwards, at an isle near Mutina, at Sardis, and Philippi.



ACT I. SCENE I.

A street in Rome.

Enter Flavius, Marullus, and certain Commoners.

Flav. **H**ENCE; home, you idle creatures, get you home.

Is this a holiday? what! know you not, Being mechanical, you ought not walk Upon a labouring day, without the sign Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

Car. Why, Sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule? What dost thou with thy best apparel on? You, Sir, — What trade are you?

Cob. Truly, Sir, in respect of fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

Cob. A trade, Sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience; which is indeed, Sir, a mender of bad soles.

Flav. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Cob. Nay, I beseech you, Sir, be not out with me: yet if you be out, Sir, I can mend you.

Flav. What mean'st thou by that? mend me, thou saucy fellow?

Cob. Why, Sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Cob. Truly, Sir, all that I live by is the awl. I meddle with no mens' matters, nor woman's matters; but withal I am, indeed, Sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather have gone upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Cob. "Truly, Sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work." But indeed, Sir, we make holiday to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice!—what conquest brings
What tributaries follow him to Rome, [he home?
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts! you cruel men of Rome!
Knew you not Pompey? many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms; and there have sat
The live-long day with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tyber trembled underneath his banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in his concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?

And do you now call out an holiday?

And do you now strew flowers in his way,

That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?

Be gone——

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,

Pray to the gods, to intermit the plague

That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and for that fault
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tyber's bank, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all. [Ex. Commoners.

See, whe'r their basest mettle be not mov'd;
 They vanish tongue-ty'd in their guiltiness.
 Go you down that way tow'ards the Capitol,
 This way will I; disrobe the images,
 If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?

You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter, let no images
 Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
 And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
 So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
 These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,
 Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
 Who else would soar above the view of men,
 And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, for the course, Calphurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, and a Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calphurnia,——

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

Cæs. Calphurnia,——

Calp. Here, my Lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
 When he doth run his course——Antonius,——

Ant. Cæsar, my Lord.

Cæs. Forget not in your speed, Antonius,
 To touch Calphurnia; for our elders say,
 The barren touched in this holy chace,
 Shake off their steril curse.

Ant. I shall remember.

When Cæsar says, Do this; it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on, and leave no ceremony out.

Sooth. Cæsar,——

Cæs. Ha! who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still; peace yet again.

Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
 I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
 Cry, *Cæsar.* Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that?

Bru. A Soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cæs. Fellow, come from the throng, look upon Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer, let us leave him; pass.

[*Exeunt Cæsar and train.*]

S C E N E III. *Manent Brutus and Cassius.*

Cæs. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cæs. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamefome; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony:
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cæs. Brutus, I do observe you now of late;
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And shew of love as I was wont to have;
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself;
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviour:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,
Among which number, Cassius, be you one;
Nor construe any farther my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shews of love to other men.

Cæs. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion,
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection from some other things.

Cæs. 'Tis just.

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Cæsar), speaking of Brutus,
And groning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear;
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which yet you know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protestor; if you know,
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know,
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout; then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout.*]

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear the people
Chuse Cæsar for their King.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' th' other,
And I will look on death indifferently:
For let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of Honour more than I fear Death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but for my single self,

I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself—
I was born free as Cæsar, so were you;
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.

"For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
"The troubled Tyber chafing with his shores,
"Cæsar says to me, Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
"Leap in with me into this angry flood,
"And swim to yonder point?—Upon the word,
"Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
"And bid him follow; so indeed he did.
"The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
"With lusty sinews; throwing it aside,
"And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
"But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,"
Cæsar cry'd, Help me, Cassius, or I sink.

I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear; so from the waves of Tyber
Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature; and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake. 'Tis true, this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose its lustre; I did hear him grone:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cry'd—Give me some drink, Titinius—
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
"So get the start of the majestic world,
"And bear the palm alone."

[*Shout. Flourish.*]

Bru. Another general shout!

I do believe, that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. 'Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
'Like a Colossus; and we petty men

Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
 Men at some times are masters of their fates:
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
 Brutus and Cæsar! what should be in that Cæsar?
 Why should that name be sounded, more than your's?
 Write them together; your's is as fair a name:
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
 Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
 Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
 Upon what meat does this our Cæsar feed,
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd;
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods:
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But is was fam'd with more than with one man?
 When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
 That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
 Oh! you and I have heard our fathers say,
 There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
 Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
 As easily as a King.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
 What you work me to, I have some aim:
 How I have thought of this, and of these times,
 I shall recount hereafter: for this present,
 I would not (so with love I might intreat you)
 Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
 I will consider; what you have to say,
 I will with patience hear; and find a time
 Both meet to hear, and answer such high things.
 Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
 Brutus had rather be a villager,
 Than to repute himself a son of Rome
 Under such hard conditions, as this time
 Is like to lay upon us.

Cæs. I am glad that my weak words
 Have struck but thus much shew of fire from Brutus.

SCENE IV. *Enter Cæsar and his train*

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning

Cæs. As they pass by, pluck Cæsa by the sleeve,
And he will, after his four fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Bru. I will do so; but look you, Cassius, —
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train.

Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret, and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cæs. Cæsa will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius, —

Ant. Cæsar?

Cæs. "Let me have men about me that are fat,
"Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep a-nights:
"Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look,
"He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. 'Would he were fatter; but I fear him not:

'Yet if my name were liable to fear,

'I do not know the man I should avoid,

'So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much:

'He is a great observer; and he looks

'Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no plays,

'As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;

'Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,

'As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit,

'That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.

'Such men as he be never at heart's ease,

'Whilst they behold a greater than themselves;

'And therefore are they very dangerous.

'I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,

'Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.

Come on my righthand, for this ear is deaf,

And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt Cæsar and his train.*]

S C E N E V.

Manent Brutus and Cassius: Casca to them.

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca, tell us what hath chanc'd to-day, That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had chanc'd.

Casca. Why there was a crown offer'd him; and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand thus, and then the people fell a-shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice. What was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than another; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown; yet 'twas not a crown neither. 'twas one of these coronets: and, as I told you, he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again: then he put it by again; but to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time: he put it the third time by: and still as he refus'd it, the rabblement shouted, and clapped their chopp'd hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and utter'd such a deal of stinking breath, because Cæsar refus'd the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar: for he swooned and, fell down at it: and for mine own part I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you; what, did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I
am sure, Cæsar fell down: If the rag-rag people did not
clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleas'd, and dis-
pleas'd them, as they used to do the players in the theatre,
I am no true man.

Bru. What said he, when he came to himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd
the common herd was glad he refus'd the crown, he
pluckt me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat
to cut: An' I had been a man of any occupation, if I
would not have taken him at his word, I would I might
go to hell among the rogues; and so he fell. When he
came to himself again, he said, "If he had done, or said
"any thing amiss, he desir'd their worships to think it
"was his infirmity." Three or four wenches where I
stood, cry'd, "alas, good soul!— and forgave him with
all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them;
if Cæsar had slabb'd their mothers, they would have done
no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an' I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' th'
face again. But those that understood him, smil'd at one
another, and shook their heads; but for mine own part,
it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too:
Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images,
are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more
foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your
dinner be worth the eating.

Cas. Good, I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: farewell both.

[Exit.

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be?

He was quick mettle, when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprize,
However he puts on this tardy form:
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is: for this time I will leave you.
To morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so; till then, think of the world.

[*Exit Brutus.*]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From what it is dispos'd; therefore 'tis meet,
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus.
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me.—I will, this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name: Wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at.
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E VI.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter Casca, his sword drawn,
and Cicero, meeting him.*

Cic. Good even, Casca; brought you Cæsar home?
Why are you breathless, and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero!
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
Th' ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds:

But never till to night, never till now;
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heav'n;
Or else the world, too faucy with the Gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave, you know him well by sight;
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn,
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.

Besides (I ha' not since put up my sword)
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went furly by,
Without annoying me. And there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore, they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.

And yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
Ev'n at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet; let not men say,

"These are there reasons, they are natural:"
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate, that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Caesar to the Capitol to morrow?

Casca. He doth: for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you, he would be there to morrow.

Cic. Good night then Casca; this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewel, Cicero. [Exit Cicero.]

S C E N E VII.

Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those, that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Ev'n in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the
heav'ns?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty Gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life,
That should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you use not; you look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heav'ns:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind,
Why old men, fools, and children calculate;
Why all these things change, from their ordinance,
Their natures and pre-formed faculties
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,
That heaven has infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol;
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits:

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Our yoke and suff'rance shew us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king:

And he shall wear his crown by sea and land;
In every place, save here in Italy.

Casf. 'I know, where I will wear this dagger then:

' Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.

' Therein, ye Gods, you make the weak most strong;

' Therein, ye Gods, you tyrants do defeat.

' Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,

' Nor airless-dungeon, nor strong links of iron,

' Can be retentive to the strength of spirit:

' But life, being weary of these worldly bars,

' Never lacks power to dismiss itself.

' If I know this; know all the world besides,

' That part of tyranny, that I do bear,

' I can shake off at pleasure.'

Casca. So can I:

So every bondman in his own hand bears

The power to cancel his captivity.

Casf. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?

Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,

But that he sees, the Romans are but sheep;

He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.

Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,

Begin it with weak straws. What trash is Rome?

What rubbish; and what offal? when it serves

For the base matter to illuminate

So vile a thing as Cæsar? But, oh, grief!

Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps speak this

Before a willing bondman: then I know,

My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,

And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca, and to such a man,

That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold my hand:

Be factious for redress of all these griefs,

And I will set this foot of mine as far,

As who goes farthest.

Casf. There's a bargain made.

Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already

Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,

To undergo, with me, an enterprize

Of honourable dang'rous consequence ;
 And I do know, by this they stay for me
 In Pompey's porch. For now, this fearful night,
 There is no stir, or walking in the streets ;
 And the complexion of the elements
 Is sev'rous, like the work we have in hand ;
 Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Casca. Stand close a while, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gate ;
 He is a friend. Cinna, where haste you so ?

Cin. To find you out : who's that, Metellus Cimber ?

Cas. No, it is Casca, one incorporate
 To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna ?

Cin. I'm glad on't. What a fearful night is this ?
 There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not staid for ? tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.

O Cassius ! could you win the noble Brutus
 To our party——

Cas. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper ;
 And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
 Where Brutus may but find it ; and throw this
 In at his window ; set up this with wax
 Upon old Brutus statue : all this done,
 Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
 Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius there ?

Cin. All, but Metellus Cimber, and he's gone
 To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
 And so bestow those papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[Exit Cinna.]

Come, Casca, you and I will, yet, ere day,
 See Brutus at his house ; three parts of him
 Is ours already, and the man entire
 Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts :
 And that, which wou'd appear offence in us,
 His countenance, like richest alchymy,
 Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,

You have right well conceited ; let us go.
For it is after mid-night ; and, ere day
We will awake him, and be sure of him. *[Exit.]*

End of the first Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Brutus's Garden.

Enter Brutus.

Bru. **W**HAT, Lucius ! ho !——
I cannot by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day——Lucius, I say !
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly
When, Lucius, when ? awake, I say ; what, Lucius.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord ?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius :
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord.

[Exit.]

Bru. It must be by his death : and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him ;
But for the general. He would be crown'd——
" How that might change his nature, there's the question.
" It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder ;
" And that craves wary walking : crown him——that——
" And then I grant we put a sting in him,
" That at his will he may do danger with.
" Th' abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
" Remorse from power : " and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But it is a common proof,
" That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
" Whereto the climber-upward turns his face ;

' But when he once attains the utmost round,
 ' He then unto the ladder turns his back,
 ' Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
 ' By which he did ascend: so Cæsar may:
 Then, lest he may, prevent. And since the quarrel
 Will bear no colour, for the thing he is,
 Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
 Would run to these, and these extremities:
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
 Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous;
 And kill him in the shell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, Sir:
 Searching the window for a flint, I found
 This paper thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
 It did not lie there, when I went to bed.

[Gives him the letter.]

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day:
 Is not to-morrow, boy, the Ides of March?

Luc. I know not, Sir.

Bru. Look in the kalendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, Sir.

[Exit.]

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
 Give so much light, that I may read by them.

[Opens the letter, and reads.]

" Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself:

" Shall Rome——speak, strike, redress.

" Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake."

Such instigations have been often dropt,
 Where I have took them up:

" Shall Rome——thus must I piece it out,
 Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? what! Rome?
 My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
 The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

" Speak, strike, redress,——am I entreated then
 To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,
 If the redress will follow, thou receiv'st
 Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days. *[Knock within.]*

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; some body knocks:

[*Exit Lucius.*]

Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar,
I have not slept——

' Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
' And the first motion, all the interim is
' Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
' The genius, and the mortal instruments
' Are then in council; and the state of man,
' Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
' The nature of an insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, Sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, Sir, their hats are pluckt about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks;
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let them enter.

[*Exit Lucius.*]

They are the faction. " O conspiracy!
" Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous brow by night,
" When evils are most free? O then, by day
" Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough,
" To mask thy monstrous visage? seek none, conspiracy;
" Hide it in smiles and affability:
" For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
" Not Erebus itself were dim enough
" To hide thee from prevention.

S C E N E II.

Enter Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus, Trebonius.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest;
Good morrow, Brutus, do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,

But honours you : and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither;

Cas. This Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna;

And this, Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I intreat a word? [*They whisper.*]

Dec. Here lies the East : doth not day break here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth; and yon grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess, that you are both deceiv'd :
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises,
Which is a great way growing on the South,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the North
He first presents his fire; and the high East
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. " No, not an oath : if that the fate of men,
" The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse, —
" If these be motives weak, break off betimes;
" And ev'ry man hence to his idle bed :
" So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
" Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
" As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
" To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
" The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
" What need we any spur, but our own cause,
" To prick us to redress? what other bond,
" Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
" And will not palter? and what other oath,
" Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
" That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
" Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous.

" Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls;
 " That welcome wrongs: unto bad causes, swear
 " Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
 " The even virtue of our enterprize,
 " Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits;
 " To think, that or our cause, or our performance,
 " Did need an oath: When every drop of blood,
 That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
 Is guilty of a several bastardy,
 If he doth break the smallest particle
 Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cæs. But what of Cicero? shall we sound him?

I think, he will stand very strong with us.

Cæsca. Let us not leave him out.

Civ. No, by no means.

Met. O let us have him, for his silver hairs
 Will purchase us a good opinion,
 And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
 It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;
 Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
 But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O name him not: let us not break with him;
 For he will never follow any thing,
 That other men begin.

Cæs. Then leave him out.

Cæsca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd, but only Cæsar?

Cæs. Decius, well urg'd: I think, it is not meet,
 Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
 Should out-live Cæsar: we shall find of him
 A shrewd contriver. And you know, his means,
 If he improve them, may well stretch so far,
 As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
 Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
 To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
 Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:
 For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
 Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius;
 We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,
 And in the spirit of man there is no blood:
 O that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,

And not dismember Caesar! but alas!
 Caesar must bleed for it—" And, gentle friends,
 " Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
 " Let's carve him as a dish fit for the Gods,
 " Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds.
 " And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
 " Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
 " And after seem to chide them." This shall make
 Our purpose necessary, and not envious:
 Which, so appearing to the common eyes,
 We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
 And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
 For he can do no more than Caesar's arm,
 When Caesar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I do fear him;
 For in th' ingrafted love he bears to Caesar——

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
 If he love Caesar, all that he can do
 Is to himself, take thought, and die for Caesar:
 And that were much; he should; for he is giv'n
 To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
 For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Glock strikes.*]

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
 If Caesar will come forth to day, or no:
 For he is superstitious grown of late,
 Quite from the main opinion he held once
 Of fantasie, of dreams, and ceremonies:
 It may be, these apparent prodigies,
 The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
 And the persuasion of his augurers,
 May hold him from the Capitol to day.

Dec. Never fear that; if he be so resolv'd,
 I can o'er-sway him; " for he loves to hear,
 " That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
 " And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
 " Lions with toils, and men with flatterers.
 " But when I tell him, he hates flatterers,

" He says he does; being then most flattered.

Leave me to work:

For I can give his humour the true bent;

And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour, is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Caesar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along to him:
He loves me well; and I have giv'n him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon's; we'll leave you,
Brutus;

And, friends! disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and shew yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it, as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy;
And so, good morrow to you every one. [Exeunt.

Manet Brutus.

Boy! Lucius! fast asleep? it is no matter,

" Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:

" Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,

" Which busy care draws in the brains of men;

" Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

S C E N E I H.

- Enter Porcia.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Porcia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. " You've ungently,
Brutus,

" Stole from my bed: and, yesternight at supper,
" You suddenly arose and walk'd about,

" Musing and sighing, with your arms a-cross :
 " And, when I ask'd you what the matter was,
 " You star'd upon me with ungentle looks.
 " I urg'd you farther ; then you scratch'd your head,
 " And too impatiently stamp't with your foot :
 " Yet I insist'd, yet you answer'd not ;
 " But with an angry wafture of your hand,
 " Gave sign for me to leave you : so I did,
 " Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
 " Which seem'd too much enkindled ; and, withal,
 " Hoping it was but an effect of humour ;
 " Which sometime hath its hour with every man.
 It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep ;
 And could it work so much upon your shape,
 As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
 I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,
 He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do : good Porcia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick ? and is it physical
 To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
 Of the dank morning ? what, is Brutus sick ?
 And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
 To dare the vile contagion of the night ?
 And tempt the rheumy and unpurg'd air,
 To add unto his sickness ? no, my Brutus,
 You have some sick offence within your mind,
 Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
 I ought to know of : and, upon my knees,
 I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,
 By all your vows of love, and that great vow
 Which did incorporate and make us one,
 That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
 Why you are heavy : and what men to night
 Have had resort to you : for here have been
 Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
 Even from darknefs.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Porcia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
 Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,

Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? am I yourself,
But as it were, in sort or limitation?
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? if it be no more,
Porcia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
And dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman; but withal,
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant, I am a woman; but withal,
A woman well reputed Cato's daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye Gods!
Render me worthy of this noble wife. [*Knock.*
Hark, hark, one knocks: Porcia, go in a while;
And, by and by, thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the character of my sad brows.
Leave me with haste. [*Exit Porcia.*

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who's there that knocks?

Luc. Here is a sick man, that would speak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.

Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?

Cai. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief? 'would you were not sick!

Cai. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand; Ligarius,

Had you an healthful ear to hear of it.

Cai. By all the Gods the Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins?
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

Cai. But are not some whole that we must make sick?

Bru. That we must also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it must be done.

Cai. Set on your foot.
And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth,
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to Cæsar's Palace.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Julius Cæsar.

Cæs. Nor heav'n, nor earth, have been at peace to
night;

Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cry'd out,
"Help, ho! they murder Cæsar." Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My lord? —

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Ser. I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? think you to walk
forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth; the things that threatned me,
Ne'er lookt but on my back: when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
 Yet now they fright me: there is one within,
 (Besides the things that we have heard and seen)
 Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
 A lioness hath whelped in the streets,
 And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead!
 Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
 In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
 Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
 The noise of battle hurtled in the air;
 Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
 And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.
 O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
 And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
 Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?
 Yet Cæsar shall go forth: for these predictions
 Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
 The heav'n's themselves blaze forth the death of Princes.

Cæs. "Cowards die many times before their deaths,
 "The valiant never taste of death but once:
 "Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
 "It seems to me most strange, that men should fear:
 "Seeing that death, a necessary end,
 "Will come, when it will come.

Enter a Servant.

What say the augurs?

Ser. They would not have you stir forth to day.
 Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
 They could not find a heart within the beast.

[Exit Servant.]

Cæs. The Gods do this in shame of cowardise.
 Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
 If he should stay at home to day for fear.
 No. Cæsar shall not; Danger knows full well,
 That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
 We were two lions litter'd in one day,
 And I the elder and more terrible;
 And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,

Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence :
 Do not go forth to day ; call it my fear,
 That keeps you in the house, and not your own .
 We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,
 And he will say, you are not well to day :
 Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say, I am not well ;
 And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

S C E N E V.

Enter Decius.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail ! good morrow, worthy Cæsar ;
 I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
 To bear my greeting to the senators,
 And tell them that I will not come to day :
 Cannot, is false ; and that I dare not, falser ;
 I will not come to day ; tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say, he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lye ?

Have I in conquest stretcht mine arm so far,
 To be afraid to tell grey-beards the truth ?
 Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
 Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come ;
 That is enough to satisfy the senate.

But for your private satisfaction,
 Because I love you, I will let you know.
 Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home :
 She dreamt last night, she saw my statue,
 Which, like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,
 Did run pure blood : and many lusty Romans
 Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
 These she applies for warnings and portents
 Of evils imminent ; and on her knee
 Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted ;
 It was a vision fair and fortunate :

Your statue, spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood : and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognifance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is signify'd.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say ;
And know it now, the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
Break up the senate 'till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams :
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
Lo, Cæsar is afraid !

Pardon me, Cæsar ; for me dear, dear, love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this :
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now Calphurnia ?
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go :

S C E N E VI.

*Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius,
Cinna and Publius.*

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.

What, Brutus, are you stir'd so early too ?
Good morrow, Casca : Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,
As that same ague which hath made you lean.
What is't o'clock ?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.

See ! Antony, that revels long o' nights,

Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within :

I am to blame to be thus waited for.

Now, Cinna ; now, Metellus ; what, Trebonius !

I have an hour's talk in store for you,

Remember, that you call on me to day ;

Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will ;—and so near will I be, [*Aside.*
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends go in, and taste some wine with me,
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,

The heart of Brutus yerns to think upon. [*Aside.*
[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VII.

Changer to a Street near the Capitol.

Enter Artemidorus, reading a paper :

“ CÆsar, beware of Brutus ; take heed of Cassius ;
“ come not near Casca ; have an eye to Cinna ;
“ trust not Trebonius ; mark well Metellus Cimber ;
“ Decius Brutus loves thee not ; thou hast wrong'd Ca-
“ ius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men,
“ and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immor-
“ tal, look about thee : security gives way to conspiracy.
“ The mighty Gods defend thee.

“ Thy lover Artemidorus.”

Here will I stand, 'till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this :
My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation,
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live ;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive.

[*Exit.*

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate house ;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone :

Sc. 7.

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Why dost thou stay ?

Luc. To know my errand, Madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there—
O constancy be strong upon my side,
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue ;
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might :
How hard it is for women to keep counsel !
Art thou there yet ?

Luc. Madam, what should I do ?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else ?
And so return to you, and nothing else ?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth : and take good note,
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy ! what noise is that ?

Luc. I hear none, Madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, listen well :
I heard a bustling rumour like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, Madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Artemidorus.

Por. Come hither, fellow, which way hast thou been ?

Art. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o'clock ?

Art. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar gone to the Capitol ?

Art. Madam, not yet ; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not ?

Art. That I have, lady, if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me :
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm intended tow'ards
him ?

Art. None that I know will be, much that I fear ;
Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow :
The throng, that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death :
I'll get me to a place more void, and there

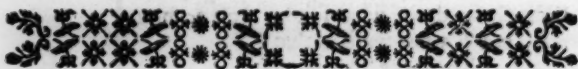
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along.

[Exit.

Por. I must go in — aye me ! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is ! O Brutus ! Brutus !
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprize !
Sure, the boy heard me : — Brutus hath a suit,
That Cæsar will not grant. — O, I grow faint :
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my Lord ;
Say, I am merry ; come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[Exit severally.

End of the second Act.



ACT III. SCENE I.

The Street before the Capitol ; and the Capitol open.

Flourish. Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius,
Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, Popilius, Publius, and the Soothsayer.

Cæs. THE Ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar, but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar : read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O Cæsar, read mine first ; for mine's a suit,
That touches Cæsar nearer. Read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar, read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad ?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cæs. What urge you your petitions in the street ?
Come to the Capitol.

Pop. I wish your enterprize to day may thrive.

Cæs. What enterprize, Popilius ?

Pop. Fare you well.

Bru. What said Popilius Lena ?

Cæs. He wish'd to day our enterprize might thrive :
I fear, our purpose is discover'd.

Bru. Look how he makes to Cæsar ; mark him.

Cæs. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.

Brutus, what shall be done, if this be known ?

Cassius, or Cæsar never shall turn back ;

For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant :

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purpose ;

For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cæs. Trebonius knows his time ; for look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber ? let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is address'd ; press near, and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Cæs. Are we all ready ? what is now amiss,
That Cæsar and his senate must redress ?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat [Kneeling,
An humble heart.

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber ;
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might stir the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the lane of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools ; I mean, sweet words ;
Low-crook'd curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished ;
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong ; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd brother ?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar ;
Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cæs. Pardon, Cæsar: Cæsar, pardon;
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true, fixt, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament;
The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So, in the world, 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion; and that I am he,
Let me a little shew it, even in this;
That I was constant, Cimber should be banish'd;
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cim. O Cæsar——

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar——

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Cassia. Speak hands for me. [*They stab Cæsar.*]

Cæs. Et tu, Brute?—then fall Cæsar. [*Dies.*]

Cin. Liberty! freedom! tyranny is dead——

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets——

Cæs. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement.

Bru. People and senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not, stand still. Ambition's debt is paid.

Cæs. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where is Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friends of Cæsar's
Should chance——

Bru. Talk of standing. Publius good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else; so tell them, Publius.

Cæs. And leave us, Publius, lest that the people,

Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so; and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

S C E N E II.

Enter Trebonius.

Cas. Where is Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd.

Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run
As it were dooms-day.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures;
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.

Casca. Stoop, Romans, stoop;
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords;
Then walk we forth even to the market-place,
And waving our red weapons o'er our heads
Let's all cry, "peace! freedom! and liberty!"

Cas. Stoop then, and wash—how many ages hence
[*Dipping their swords in Cæsar's blood.*]
Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er,

In states unborn, and accents yet unknown?

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust?

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away.
Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest, and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Ser. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down; [*kneeling.*
And, being prostrate, thus he bad me say,
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, royal, bold and loving;
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death:
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead,
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Through the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Ser. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit Servant.*

Bru. I know, that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish, we may: but yet have I a mind,
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

S C E N E III.

Enter Antony.

Bru. But here comes Antony. Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lye so low?
"Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
"Shrunk to this little measure?—fare thee well.
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank;
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich

With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if ye bear me hard,
Now, whilst you purpled hands do reek and smok,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:

" No place will please me so, no mean of death,

" As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,

" The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us:
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see, we do; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity;) Hath done this deed on Cæsar: For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points. Mark Antony;
Our arms exempt from malice; " and our hearts,
" Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cæs. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, 'till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear;
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I strook him,
Proceeded thus.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand;
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Cæsa, yours;
Tho' last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentleman all——alas, what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.

That I did love thee, Cæsar, oh, 'tis true;
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,

To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble ! in the presence of thy corse ?
Had I as many eyes, as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius——here wast thou bay'd, brave hart ;
Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.
O world ! thou wast the forest to this hart,
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee,
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lye ?

Cas. Mark Antony——

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius :
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this :
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so,
But what compact mean you to have us ?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you ?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands ; but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all ;
Upon this hope that you shall give me reasons,
Why, and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else this were a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied,

Ant. That's all I seek ;
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place,
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you——
You know not what you do ; do not consent, [*Aside.*
That Antony speak in his funeral :
Know you, how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter !

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Bru.

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Bru. By your pardon,
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And shew the reason of our Cæsar's death.
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission:
And that we are contented, Cæsar shall
Have all due rites, and lawful ceremonies:
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall, I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body:
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;
And say, you do't by our permission:
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral. And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt conspirators.*]

S C E N E IV.

Manet Antony.

Ant. O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth!
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers.
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
(Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue)
A curse shall light upon the line of men;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd by the hands of war:
All pity choak'd with custom of fell deeds;

" And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
 " With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
 " Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
 " Cry Havoc, and let slip the dogs of war;
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
 With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter Octavius's Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Ser. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Ser. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
 And bid me say to you by word of mouth——

O Cæsar!

[Seeing the body.]

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep;

Passion I see is catching; for mine eyes,

Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,

Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Ser. He lyes to night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell what hath chanc'd.

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,

No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;

Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a while;

Thou shalt not back, 'till I have borne this corse

Into the market-place: there shall I try

In my oration, how the people take

The cruel issue of these bloody men;

According to the which, thou shalt discourse

To young Octavius of the state of things.

Lend me your hand.

[Exeunt with Cæsar's body.]

S C E N E V.

Changes to the Forum.

Enter Brutus, and mounts the Rostra; Cassius, with the Plebeians.

Pleb. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
 Cassius, go you into the other street,
 And part the numbers;

Sc. 5.

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Those, that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here ;
 Those, that will follow Cassius, go with him ;
 And public reason shall be rendered
 Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Pleb.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Pleb.* I will hear Cassius, and compare their reasons,
 When sev'rally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit Cassius with some of the Plebeians.*]

3 *Pleb.* The Noble Brutus is ascended ; silence !

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for my
 cause ; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me
 for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that
 you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom, and a-
 wake your senses, that you may the better judge. ' If
 ' there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's,
 ' to him I say, that Brutus's love to Cæsar was no less
 ' than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose
 ' against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I lov'd
 ' Cæsar less, but that I lov'd Rome more. Had you
 ' rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves ; than that Cæ-
 ' sar were dead and live all freemen ? As Cæsar lov'd me,
 ' I weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ;
 ' as he was valiant I honour him ; but as he was ambiti-
 ' ous, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for
 ' his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his
 ' ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bond-
 ' man ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended.
 ' Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman ?
 ' If any, speak ; for him I have offended. Who is here
 ' so vile, that will not love his country ? If any, speak ;
 ' for him have I offended — I pause for a reply —

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended — I have done no
 more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The que-
 tion of his death is inroll'd in the Capitol ; his glory not
 extenuated, wherein he was worthy ; nor his offences
 enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony with Cæsar's body

Here comes his body mourn'd by Mark Antony ; who,
 though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the

benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth ; as which of you shall not ? With this I depart, that as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live Brutus, live ! live !

1 *Pleb.* Bring him with triumph home to his house.

2 *Pleb.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Pleb.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Pleb.* Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Pleb.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen——

2 *Pleb.* Peace ! silence ! Brutus speaks.

1 *Pleb.* peace, ho !

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone.
And, for my sake stay here with Antony ;
Do grace to Cæsar's corps, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony
By our permission is allow'd to make.
I do intreat you, not to let him depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.

1 *Pleb.* Stay, ho, and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Pleb.* Let him go up to the public chair,
We'll hear him, noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

4 *Pleb.* What does he say of Brutus ?

3 *Pleb.* He says, for Brutus' sake
He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 *Pleb.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Pleb.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Pleb.* Nay that's certain ;
We are blest, that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Pleb.* Peace ; let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans——

All. Peace ho, let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears ;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

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' The evil that men do, lives after them ;
 ' The good is oft interred with their bones ;
 ' So let it be with Cæsar ! Noble Brutus
 ' Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious ;
 ' If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;
 ' And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
 ' Here under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
 ' (For Brutus is an honourable man,
 ' So are they all, all honourable men),
 ' Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral,
 ' He was my friend, faithful and just to me ;
 ' But Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
 ' And Brutus is is an honourable man.
 ' He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
 ' Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill ;
 ' Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ;
 ' When the poor have cry'd, Cæsar hath wept
 ' Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
 ' Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
 ' And Brutus is an honourable man.
 ' You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
 ' I thrice presented him a kingly crown :
 ' Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?
 ' Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
 ' And sure he is an honourable man.
 ' I speak not, to disprove what Brutus spoke,
 ' But here I am to speak what I do know.
 ' You all did love him once, not without cause :
 ' What cause with-holds you then to mourn for him ?
 ' O judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 ' And men have lost their reason——Bear with me.
 ' My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
 ' And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Pleb.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings,
 If thou consider rightly of the matter,
 Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Pleb.* Has he, masters ? I fear there will a worse
 come in his place.

4 *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words ? he would not take the
 Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious. [crown.

1 *Pleb.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Pleb.* Poor soul ! his eyes is read as fire with weep-
 ing.

3 *Pleb.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4 *Pleb.* Now mark him he begins to speak.

Ant. 'But yesterday the word of Cæsar might

'Have stood against the world; now lies he there,

'And none so poor to do him reverence.

'O matters! if I were dispos'd to stir

'Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

'I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong;

'Who you all know, are honourable men.

'I will not do them wrong: I rather chuse

'To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,

'Than I will wrong such honourable men.

'But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,

'I found it in his closet, 'tis his will;

'Let but the commons hear this testament,

'(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),

'And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,

'And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;

'Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,

'And dying, mention it within their wills,

'Bequeathing it as a rich legacy

'Unto their issue.

4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the will, read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. 'Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;

'It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.

'You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;

'And being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,

'It will inflame you, it will make you mad.

'Tis good you know not, that you are his *heirs*;

'For if you should—O what would come of it?

4 *Pleb.* Read the will, we will hear it, Antony,

You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

Ant. 'Will you be patient will you stay a while?

'(I have o'erthor myself, to tell you of it).

'I fear I wrong the honourable men,

'Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar—I do fear it.

4 *Pleb.* They were traitors——honourable men!

All. The will! the testament!

2 *Pleb.* They were villains murderers; the will! the will.

Ant. 'Then mark

'And let

'Shall I do

All. C

2 *Pleb.*

3 *Pleb.*

4 *Pleb.*

1 *Pleb.*

2 *Pleb.*

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Ant. ' You will compel me then to read the will ?

- ' Then make a ring about the corps of Cæsar,
- ' And let me shew you him, that made the will.
- ' Shall I descend ? and will you give me leave ?

All. Come down.

2 *Pleb.* Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*

3 *Pleb.* You shall have leave.

4 *Pleb.* A ring ; stand round.

1 *Pleb.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Pleb.* Room for Antony—most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me, stand far off.

All. Stand back—room—bear back——

Ant. ' If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

' You all do know this mantle ; I remember,

' The first time ever Cæsar put it on,

' 'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent

' That day he overcame the Nervii——

' Look ! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through ;—

' See, what a rent the envious Casca made.——

' Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd ;

' And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,

' Mark, how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it !

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd,

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no ?

' For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel.

' Judge, oh you Gods ! how dearly Cæsar lov'd him ;

' This, this, was the unkindest cut of all ;

' For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,

' Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms

' Quite vanquish'd him ; then burst his mighty heart :

' And in his mantle muffling up his face,

' Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell,

' Even at the base of Pompey's statue.

' O what a fall was there, my countrymen !

' Then I, and you, and all of us fell down :

' Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.

' O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel

' The dint of pity ; these are gracious drops.

' Kind souls ! what, weep you when you but behold

' Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? look you here !

' Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, by traitors.

1 *Pleb.* O piteous spectacle !

2 *Pleb.* O noble Cæsar !

3 *Pleb.* O woful day !

4 *Pleb.* O traitors, villains !

1 *Pleb.* O most bloody sight !

2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd : revenge : about —
seek—burn—fire—kill—slay ! let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen—

1 *Pleb.* Peace there, hear the noble Antony.

2 *Pleb.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die
with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir
you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny :

They, that have done this deed are honourable.

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it : they are wise and honourable ;

And will no doubt, with reason answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;

I am no orator, as Brutus is :

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend ; and that they know full well,

That give me public leave to speak of him :

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir mens blood ; I only speak right on.

I tell you that, which you yourselves do know ;

Shew you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb
mouths !

And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,

And Brutus, Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar, that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny—

1 *Pleb.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Pleb.* Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen ; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho, hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves ?

Alas, you know not ; I must tell you then :

You have forgot the will, I told you of.

All. Most true—the will—let's stay and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal.

To ev'ry Roman citizen he gives,

To ev'ry sev'ral man, sev'n'ty five drachma's.

2 *Pleb.* Most noble Caesar! we'll revenge his death.

3 *Pleb.* O royal Caesar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,

His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,

On that side Tiber; he hath left them you,

And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures

To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Caesar, when comes such another?

1 *Pleb.* Never, never; come, away, away;

We'll burn his body in the holy place,

And with the brands fire all the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

2 *Pleb.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Pleb.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Pleb.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt* Plebeians with the body.]

Ant. Now let it work; mischief thou art afoot,

Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now, fellow.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Ser. He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him;

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,

And in this mood will give us any thing.

Ser. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius

Are rid, like madmen, through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people,

How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.

Cin. I dreamt to night, that I did feast with Caesar,

And things unlucky charge my fantasy;
I have no will to wander forth of doors:
Yet something leads me forth.

1 *Pleb.* What is your name?

2 *Pleb.* Whither are you going?

3 *Pleb.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Pleb.* Are you a married man, or a batchelor?

2 *Pleb.* Answer every man, directly.

1 *Pleb.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Pleb.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Pleb.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? whither am I going? where do I dwell? am I married man, or a batchelor? then to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly; wisely, I say—I am a batchelor.

2 *Pleb.* "That's as much as to say, they are fools
"that marry; you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear;
"proceed directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Pleb.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Pleb.* That matter is answer'd directly.

4 *Pleb.* For your dwelling; briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Pleb.* Your name, Sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Pleb.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Pleb.* "Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for
"his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

4 *Pleb.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna: pluck but
his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Pleb.* Tear him, tear him; come, brands, ho, fire-
brands:

To Brutus, to Cassius, burn all. Some to Decius's house,
And some to Casca's, some to Ligarius: away, go.

[*Exeunt.*]

End of the Third Act.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

Ant. THESE many then shall die, their names are prickt.

Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent.

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition, Publius shall not live;

Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house;

Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine

How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What? shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol.

[*Exit Lepidus.*]

Ant. This is a slight, unmeritable, man,

Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,

The three-fold world divided, he should stand

One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him;

And took his voice who should be prickt to die,

In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you;

And though we lay these honours on this man,

To ease ourselves of divers scandalous loads;

He shall but bear them, as the ass bears gold,

To groan and sweat under the business,

Or led or driven, as we point the way;

And, having brought our treasure where we will,

Then take we down his load, and turn him off,

Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,

And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will;

But he's a try'd and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and, for that,

I do appoint him store of provender.
 It is a creature that I teach to fight,
 To wind, to stop, to run directly on;
 His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
 And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
 He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth;
 A barren-spirited fellow, one that feeds
 On abject ors, and imitations:
 Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
 Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him,
 But as a property. And now, Octavius,
 Listen great things——Brutus and Cassius
 Are levying powers; we must straight make head.
 Therefore let our alliance be combin'd;
 Our best friends made, and our best means stretcht out;
 And let us presently go sit in council,
 How covert matters may be best disclos'd
 And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so; for we are at the stake,
 And bay'd about with many enemies:
 And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,
 Millions of mischiefs. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Before Brutus's tent, in the camp near Sardis.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, and soldiers: Titinius
 and Pindarus meeting them.

Bru. Stand, ho! I come.

Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand!

Bru. What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?

Luc. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
 To do you salutation from his master.

Bru. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,
 In his own charge, or by ill officers,
 Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
 Things done, undone; but if he be at hand,
 I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt,
 But that my noble master will appear,
 Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius —
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Luc. With courtesie, and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling; ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.

There are no tricks in plain, and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crest; and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the tryal. Comes his army on?

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [Low march within.

Enter Cassius and soldiers.

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd;
March gently on to meet him.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you Gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs,
And when you do them —

Bru. Cassius, be content,
Speak your griefs softly, I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
(Which should perceive nothing, but love, from us)
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off

A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do the like ; and let no man
Come to our tent, 'till we have done our conference.
Let Lucilius and Titinius guard the door,

S C E N E III.

Changes to the inside of Brutus's tent.

Re-enter Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this,
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;
Wherein, my letter (praying on his side,
Because I knew the man) was slighted of.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That ev'ry nice offence should bear it's comment.

Bru. Yet let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm ;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm ?
You know, that you are Brutus, that speak this ;
Or, by the Gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide it's head.

Cas. Chastisement ! ———

Bru. " Remember March, the Ides of March remem-
" Did not great Julius bleed for justice sake ?
" What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
" And not for justice ? what, shall one of us,
" That struck the foremost man of all this world,
" For but supporting robbers : shall we now
" Contaminate our fingers with base bribes ?
" And sell the mighty space of our large honours
" For so much trash, as may be grasped thus ? ———
" I had rather be dog, and bay the moon,
" Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it ; for you forget yourself,

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Bru.

Cas.

Bru.

Cas.

I may

To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than your self.

To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not Cæsius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself—
Have mind upon your health—tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man.

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?

Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

Cas. O Gods! ye Gods! must I endure all this?

Bru. All this! ay, more. First, 'till your proud
heart break;

Go, shew your slaves how cholerick you are,

And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?

Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch

Under your testy humour? by the Gods,

You shall digest the venom of your spleen,

Tho' it do split you: For, from this day forth,

I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,

When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier;

Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,

And it shall please me well. For mine own part,

I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way—you wrong me, Bru—
I said, an elder soldier; not a better.

Did I say, better? —

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd
me.

Bru. Peace, peace, you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not! —

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life, you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
 " There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;
 " For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
 " That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
 " Which I respect not. I did send to you
 " For certain sums of Gold, which you deny'd me ;
 " For I can raise no money by vile means ;
 " By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
 " And drop my blood for drachma's, than to wring
 " From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
 " By any indirection. I did send
 " To you for gold to pay my legions,
 " Which you denied me ; was that done like Cassius ?
 " Should I have answered Caius Cassius so ?
 " When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
 " To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
 " Be ready, Gods, with all your thunderbolts,
 " Dash him to pieces.

Caf. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Caf. I did not—he was but a fool,

That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath 'riv'd my heart.

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,
 But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not. Still you practise them on me.

Caf. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Caf. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, tho' they do appear
 As huge as high Olympus.

Caf. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come ;
 Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
 For Cassius is a weary of the world ;
 Hated by one he loves ; brav'd by his brother ;
 Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults observ'd ;
 Set in a note-book, learn'd, and con'd by rote,
 To cast into my teeth. O I could weep
 My spirit from mine eyes !—There is my dagger,
 And here my naked breast—within, a heart
 Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold ;
 If that thou needst a Roman's, take it forth.

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I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart ;
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar ; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger ;

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
" Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.

" O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,

" Than carries anger, as the flint bears fire ;

" Wro, much enforced, shews a halcy spark,

" And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,

When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much ? give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too. [*Embracing.*

Cas. O Brutus !

Bru. What's the matter ?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,

When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful ?

Bru. Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth

When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[*A noise within.*

Poet. [*within.*] Let me go in to see the generals ;
There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. [*within.*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet.

Cas. How now ? what's the matter ?

Poet. For shame, you generals ; what do you mean ?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be ;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha—how vile doth this Cynick rhyme !

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah ; saucy fellow, hence.

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus, 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time ;
What should the war do with these jingling fools ?

Companion hence.

Cas. Away, away, begone. [*Exit Poet*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Lucilius, and Titinius.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to night.

Cas. And come your selves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*]

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

Cas. I did not think, you could have been so angry.

Bru. 'O Cassius, I am tick of many griefs.

Cas. 'Of your philosophy you make no use,

'If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. 'No man bears sorrow better—*Porcia's* dead.

Cas. 'Ha! *Porcia*! —

Bru. 'She is dead.

Cas. 'How 'scap'd I killing, when I crost you so?

O insupportable and touching loss!

Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence;

And grief, that young *Octavius* with *Mark Antony*

Have made themselves so strong: (for with her death

That tydings came) With this she fell distract,

And (her attendants absent) swallow'd fire.

Cas. And dy'd so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal Gods!

Enter boy with wine and tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her: give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, *Cassius*. [*Drinks.*]

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.

Fill, *Lucius*, 'till the wine o'er swell the cup;

I cannot drink too much of *Brutus'* love.

Bru. Come in, *Titinius*; — welcome good *Messala*.

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S C E N E V.

Enter Titinius and Messala.

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. O Porcia! art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.

Messala, I have here received letters,

That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,

Come down upon us with a mighty power,

Bending their expedition tow'rd Philippi.

Mes. My self have letters of the self-same tenour.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription and bills of outlawry,

Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus

Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;

Mine speak of sev'nty senators that dy'd

By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one?

Mes. Cicero is dead; and by that order of proscription.

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? hear you aught of her in yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell;

For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Porcia—we must die, Messala.

With meditating that she must die once,

I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Ev'n so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,

But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:

'Tis better that the enemy seek us;
So shall we waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must of force give place to better.
The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution.
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother—

Bru. Under your pardon, You must note beside,
That we have try'd the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim full, our cause is ripe;
The enemy increaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now a float;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on: we will along
Ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say.

Cas. No more; good night;
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

Bru. Lucius, my gown: farewell, good Messala,
Good night, Titinius: noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

Sc. 7.

Cas.
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Cæs. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night;
Never come such division 'tween our souls;
Let it not, Brutus!

Enter Lucius with the gown.

Bru. Ev'ry thing is well.

Tit. Mess. Good night, lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewel, every one.

[*Exeunt.*]

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here, in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.

Call Claudius, and some other of my men;

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro, and Claudius! ———

S C E N E VI.

Enter Varro and Claudius.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, Sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep;

It may be, I shall raise you by and by,

On business to my brother Cassius.

[*pleasure.*]

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch your

Bru. I will not have it so; lie down, good Sirs:

It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look, Lucius, here's the book I fought for so;

I put it in the pocket of my gown.

Luc. I was sure, your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,

And touch thy instrument, a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy;

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, Sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;

I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again;

I will not hold thee long. If I do live,
 I will be good to thee. [*Music and a song.*
 This is a sleepy tune——O murth'rous slumber!
 Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
 That plays thee music? gentle knave, good night.
 I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
 If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument,
 I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
 But let me see——is not the leaf turn'd down,
 Where I left reading? here it is, I think.

[*He sits down to read.*]

S C E N E VII.

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns!——ha! who comes here?
 I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes,
 That shapes this monstrous apparition!——
 It comes upon me——Art thou any thing?
 Art thou some God, some angel, or some devil,
 That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
 Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Then I shall see thee again.——

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi. [*Exit Ghost.*]

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.——

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.

Boy! Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs! awake!

Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks, he is still at his instrument.

Lucius! awake.

Luc. My lord!——

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so cried'st
 out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes thou didst; didst thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius; sirrah, Claudius, fellow!
Varro! awake.

Var. My lord!

Clau. My lord!

Bru. Why did you so cry out, Sirs, in your sleep?

Both. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay, saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Claud. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his pow'rs betimes before,
And we will follow.

Both. It shall be done, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

End of the Fourth Act.



ACT V. SCENE I.

The Fields of Philippi, with the two Camps.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their army.

Oct. **N**OW, Antony, our hopes are answered,
You said, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so; their battles are at hand,
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering, before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it; they could be content
To visit other places, and come down
With fearful bravery; thinking, by this face,
To fall in our thoughts that they have courage.
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Prepare you, Generals;

The enemy comes on in gallant shew ;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent ?

Oct. I do not cross you ; but I will do so. [*March.*]

S C E N E II.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their army.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius, we must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle ?

Ant. No, Caesar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth, the Generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows : is it so, countrymen ?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words.

Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart,
Crying, " long live ! hail, Caesar !

Cas. Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown ;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O yes, and soundless too :

For you have stoln their buzzing, Antony ;
And very wisely threat, before you sting.

Ant. Villains ! you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Caesar.
You shew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Caesar's feet ;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur behind,
Struck Caesar on the neck. O flatterers !

Cas. Flatterers ! now, Brutus, thank yourself ;
This tongue had not offended so to day,

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If Cælius might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cause. If arguing make us sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Behold, I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you, that the sword goes up again?
Never, 'till Cæsar's three and twenty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope;

I was not born to die on Brutus's sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

Cæs. A peevish school-boy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Cælius still! —

Oct. Come, Antony, away;
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth;
If you dare fight to day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and army.*]

S C E N E III.

Cæs. Why, now blow wind, swell billow, and swim
bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Lucilius,—hark, a word with you.

[*Lucilius and Messala stand forth.*]

Luc. My lord. [Brutus speaks apart to Lucilius.]

Cæs. Messala.

Mes. What says my general?

Cæs. Messala,

This day is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cælius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness, that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know, that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion; now I change my mind;

And partly credit things, that do presage.
 Coming from Sardis, on our foremost ensign
 Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd;
 Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,
 Who to Philippi here consoorted us:
 This morning are they fled away and gone,
 And, in their steads, do ravenous crows and kites.
 Fly o'er our heads; and downward look on us
 As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
 A canopy most fatal, under which
 Our army lies ready to give the ghost.

Meſ. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;
 For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
 To meet all peril very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
 The Gods to day stand friendly; that we may,
 Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
 But since th' affairs of men rest still uncertain,
 Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
 If we do lose this battle, then is this
 The very last time we shall speak together.
 What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Ev'n by the rule of that philosophy,
 By which I did blame Cato for the death
 Which he did give himself; I know not how,
 But I do find it cowardly and vile,
 For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
 The time of life; *** arming myself with patience,
 To stay the providence of some high powers,
 That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
 You are contented to be led in triumph
 Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no; think not, thou noble Roman,
 That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
 He bears too great a mind. But this same day
 Must end that work, the Ides of March begun;
 And, whether we shall meet again, I know not;
 Therefore our everlasting farewell take;
 For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!

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' If we do meet again, why, we shall smile ;
' If not, why, then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus !
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed ;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. ' Why then, lead on. O, that a man might know
' The end of this day's business ere it come !
' But it sufficeth, that the day will end ;
' And then the end is known. Come, ho, away.'

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala ; ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions, on the other side. [*Loud alarum.*]
Let them set on at once ; for I perceive
But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing ;
A sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala ; let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*]

Alarum. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

Cas. O look, Titinius, look, the villains fly !
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy ;
This ensign here of mine was turned back,
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early ;
Who having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly ; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony were all enclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off ;
Mary Antony is in your tents, my lord ;
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius,
Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire ?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again ; that I may rest assur'd,

Whether yon troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, ev'n with a thought. [*Exit.*]

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill,
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.
This day I breathed first; time is come round;
And, where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run its compass. Now, what news?

Pind. (*above.*) Oh, my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pind. Titinius is inclosed round about
With horsemen that make to him on the spur;
Yet spurs he on. Now they are almost on him;
Titinius! now some light—oh, he lights too—
He's ta'en—and hark, they shout for joy. (*Shout.*)

Cas. Come down, behold no more;
Oh, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither, sirrah;
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;
Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer; here, take thou the hilt;
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword—Cæsar thou art reveng'd,
Ev'n with the sword that kill'd thee.—(*Kills himself.*)
Pind. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. Oh, Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. (*Exit.*)

S C E N E V.

Enter Titinius and Messala.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,

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Come, Cassi

As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him ?

Tit. All disconsolate,

With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground ?

Tit. He lies not like the living. Oh, my heart !

Mes. Is not that he ?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala ;

But Cassius is no more ! Oh, setting sun !

As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,

So in his red blood Cassius' day is set ;

The sun of Rome is set ! our day is gone ;

Clouds, dews, and dangers come ; our deeds are done ;

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed ;

Oh hateful error, Melancholy's child !

Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men

The things that are not ? Error, soon conceiv'd,

Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,

But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus ? where art thou, Pindarus ?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius ; whilst I go to meet

The noble Brutus, thrusting this report

Into his ears ; I may say, thrusting it ;

For piercing steel, and darts invenomed,

Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,

As tidings of this sight.

Tit. High you, Messala,

And I will seek for Pindarus the while. *(Exit Mes.)*

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius !

Did I not meet thy friends, and did not they

Put on my brows this wreath of victory,

And bid me give it thee ? didst thou not hear their shouts ?

Alas thou hast misconstru'd ev'ry thing.

But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow,

Thy Brutus bid me give it thee ; and I

Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace ;

And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.

By your leave, Gods——This is a Roman's part.

(Stabs himself.)

Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. *(Dies.)*

S C E N E VI.

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, young Cato, Strato, Volumnius and Lucilius.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. Oh Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. *(Low alarums.)*

Cato. Brave Titinius!

Look, if he have not crown'd dead Cæsar! —

Bru. Are yet two Romans living, such as these?

Thou last of all the Romans! fare thee well:

It is impossible that ever Rome

Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears

To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.

I shall find time, Cæsar, I shall find time —

Come, therefore, and to Thasios send his body:

His funeral shall not be in our camp,

Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come;

And come, young Cato; let us to the field.

Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on.

'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night

We shall try fortune in a second fight. *(Exeunt.)*

S C E N E VII.

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, Cato, Lucilius, and Flavius.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, oh yet, hold up your heads.

Cato. What bastard doth not? who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field.

I am the son of Marcus Cato; ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend,

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

Enter soldiers and fight.

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;

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Brutus, my country's friend ; know me for Brutus. (*Exit.*)

Luc. Oh young and noble Cato, art thou down ?

Why, now thou dy'st as bravely as Titinius ;

And, may'st be honour'd, being Cato's son.

Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

Luc. Only I yield to die.

There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight ;

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

Sold. We must not. A noble prisoner.

Enter Antony.

2 *Sold.* Room, ho ! tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news, here comes the general ;

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he ?

Luc. Safe, Antony ; Brutus is safe enough.

I dare assure thee, that no enemy

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus :

The Gods defend him from so great a shame !

When you do find him alive, or dead,

He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend, but I assure you,

A prize no less in worth ; keep this man safe,

Give him all kindness. I had rather have

Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,

And see if Brutus be alive or dead ;

And bring us word unto Octavius' tent,

How every thing is chanc'd.

(*Exeunt.*)

S C E N E VIII.

Changes to another part of the Field.

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato and Volumnius.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cli. Statilius shew'd the torch light, but, my lord,

He came not back, he's either ta'en, or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus ; slaying is the word ;

It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. (*Whispering.*)

Cli. What I, my lord ? no, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius!

Dar. I do such a deed?

Cli. Oh, Dardanius!

Dar. Oh, Clitus!

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus: look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius;

The ghost of Caesar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night; at Sardis once;
And this last night, here in Philippi's fields,
I know, my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit: (Alarum.)

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st, that we two went to school together;
Even for that, our love of old, I pr'ythee,
Hold thou my sword's hilt, while I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

(Alarum still.)

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewel to you, and you, and you, Volumnius,
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewel to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history.
Night hangs upon mine eyes, my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

(Alarum. Cry within, Fly, fly, fly.)

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Cl. Fly, my lord, fly.—

Bru. Hence; I will follow thee.

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord;

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;

Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in't.

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stra. Give me your hand first—fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewel, good Strato;—Cæsar, now be still;

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his sword and dies.*]

S C E N E IX.

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Messala, Lucilius, and the army.

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man. Strato, where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;

The conquerors can but make a fire of him:

For Brutus only overcame himself;

And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee, Brutus,

That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my lord, Strato?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all.

All the conspirators, save only he,

Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar:

He, only, in a general honest thought,

And common good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle, and the elements

So mixt in him, that Nature might stand up,

And say to all the world; "This was a man!"

Oct. According to his virtue, let us use him;
With all respect, and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to night shall lye,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.
So call the field to rest: and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

F I N I S.

